[...] his cheeks, so smoothly glowing,
Like to golden apples shown.
He had not his quiver by him,
Nor his bow, well-bent and strung,
But he soon espied them nigh him
Midst the leafy branches hung.

Chains of sleep his limbs encumbered,
While among the flowers he lay,
Smiling, even when he slumbered,
In his cruel, roguish way.

Swarms of tawny bees came flying
All about his waxen lip—
Often thus one sees them trying
Flowers that with honey drip!

LOVE VERSUS SCIENCE.

Time, the early fifties. Place, a country school-house on a Central Illinois prairie.

It was Friday afternoon and school was out for the week. The youngsters had gathered their books, fled out of the door with a whoop, and were on their way home. Some of the older pupils had lingered to discuss the absurdity of a proposition laid down by the schoolmaster in the little talk with which he was accustomed to wind up the exercises Friday afternoons, when the program of "speeches" and "compositions" had been finished. This proposition or statement was to the effect that two straight lines could approach each other forever without coming quite together. He had made this assertion incidentally, without stopping to demonstrate it, and with all their reverence for his superior knowledge they couldn't swallow it.

Hiram Walker, the young man who, for a consideration of $35 a month and the privilege of "boarding round" among the families represented in his school, had been imported from an Ohio college to teach the early central Illinois idea how to shoot, was apparently absorbed in the work of arranging the books and papers of his desk preparatory to locking them up. Apparently he had forgotten that he was to spend the coming week with with the family of Farmer Sanford, whose eldest daughter, Mary, was the brightest, smartest, prettiest girl in in the whole school, and that it was his habit to begin his week of boarding Friday evening. He did not seem to notice that Miss Mary was preparing to slip quietly out of the door. Yet he was not so deeply occupied with his books and papers that he did not hear the subdued comments of the incredulous big boys and girls concerning the two straight lines always getting nearer and nearer to each other and yet never coming together. He listened with a faint suggestion of a smile on his face to the words and fragmentary sentences that reached his ear, and went on arranging his desk.

Presently he took from its inmost recesses a big oblong ball of twine, such as kite-flying boys are wont to make by winding it criss-cross on a stick of wood, put it in his pocket, and closed the desk with a slam.

"By the way, Miss Mary," he said to Farmer Sanford's daughter, after he had shut and locked the door of the schoolhouse and found himself, apparently by accident, overtaking her, "I am to be a boarder at your house for the next week, if I am not mistaken."

"Yes, sir," replied Miss Mary, looking straight ahead.

This fact being logically established, Mr. Hiram Walker took from his pocket the oblong ball of twine.

"Now, Miss Mary," he said, with the manner of a man bent wholly on demonstrating a proposition in mathematics, "if you doubt that two lines can approximate each other forever yet never coincide, I will prove it to you."

"I didn't say I doubted it, Mr. Walker."

"But you do doubt it."

"How do you know?"

"By the twinkle in your eyes."

She looked straight ahead again.

"It may be all true according to science and the books," she said, "but it doesn't seem possible that it can be so, actually and really."

"This ball of twine," the schoolmaster went on, "belongs to Tommy Flanders. He was playing with it in school and I had to take it away from him. He can have it again next week, but in the meantime I am going to use it to establish a scientific fact."

He picked up a bit of wood, tied the loose end of the kite string to it, drove it into the ground at one side of the smooth road, and walked along on the other side, unrolling the string as he went.

"Now, Miss Mary," he resumed, "you walk in the wagon track on that side of the road and I will walk on this."

The road from the school house to the Sanford farm dwelling stretched across the level prairie almost as straight as a rule. Mr. Walker, by accident, it seemed, had taken so much time preparing to demonstrate his scientific fact that the sun was getting low and nobody was in sight.

"You see, Mary," he said, "that this twine, as I travel along in this track, is drawing all the time closer to the line represented by the track on your side, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"And if we suppose these two tracks to be extended on into infinity, and this supply of kite-string to hold out forever, don't you see, Mary, that these two lines would be forever and ever getting closer and yet never——"

"Never? You are getting on this side of your own track already, Mr. Walker."

"Then don't look at me in that way, Mary," he said, warningly, stepping back on his own side, and swallowing something that had risen in his throat. "You are endangering the whole fabric of science! Give me your hand."

"What for?"

"So I can keep at the right distance."

With his left hand clasping her right hand across the roadway they walked slowly along toward the house of the paternal Sanford. It was getting really dark, but the interest of the schoolmaster in his demonstration did not flag. He still unrolled Tommy Flanders' twine as he went.

"Mr. Walker——"

"Mary, my name is Hiram."

Dead silence.

"Don't let go of my hand yet, Mary!"

"Don't you think, Mr. Walker——" in a lo[w] [...] you—Hiram," she said [...]w tone.

The whole fabric of science came perilously near being overturned again, but Hiram, by a great effort, kept on his own side of the road.

"I am your teacher, my—I am your teacher, Mary,"—how he lingered over the syllables of that sweetest of names!—"and if I tell you to call me Hiram, out of school, you know, it is perfectly respectful and all right."

"Well—Hiram—don't you think it would be impossible for us to go on walking in this way forever?"

"It is getting to be most awfully difficult already," admitted Hiram, "to go on any longer in this way."

"I don't mean——"

"Besides, the string is giving out."

"Then doesn't that prove—the string isn't quite all gone yet, is it?"

"No," said Hiram, stepping back reluctantly to his own side of the road.

"Doesn't it prove—Hiram—that the two lines as a matter of fact, would come—together—some time, no matter what science says?"

She was walking quite slowly now, as if impressed by the alarming possibility that the string might give out at any moment.

"No!" There was a ring of triumph in his voice. "Come over on this side of the road, Mary."

He had not let go of her hand. The statement may seem superfluous, but it is necessary to the accuracy of detail inseparable from the narration of the processes involved in a scientific experiment. He drew her over to his side of the roadway.

"The track you have been walking on, Mary," he whispered, "is still there. Tommy Flander's kite-string is still here. The two lines are approaching each other, but they never will coincide. Don't step back, please!"

"Mr. Walker,—"

"Hiram!"

"Well—Hiram," she said demurely, "is the—demonstration finished?"

"Not quite."

He dropped the stick from which he had unwound the last of the twine. It interfered possible with the freedom of his gestures.

"Not quite, my own dear Mary. The proposition—don't take your hand away, darling—will not be demonstrated to my entire satisfaction until you have promised that our two lives, that have been approaching each other for a long time—you know it, don't you?—shall come together—"

"In spite of science?"

"Never mind science just now."

"But look at that kite string."

Hiram looked. Tommy Flanders' twine lay along the track on the other side of the road. He had thrown it from him too eagerly.

"What difference does that make, my own—"

"What difference? don't you see your demonstration is a failure! Science—"

"Who cares for science now? Mary, will you promise—"

"Will you admit that you haven't proved—"

"I will admit anything dearest! Science is a fraud. There is nothing but love in the whole wide universe. Will that do?"

"I—I think it will, Hiram."

"And you promise?"

"Yes, Hiram."

It was ever so faint a whisper, but that designing young man heard it, he gathered her in his arms, and their first kiss, with nobody in hearing distance, smote the night air.

Thus, even in the early 'fifties, did the omnipresent Ohio man assert and vindicate his inalienable right to capture the fairest and best of everything in creation.

A STRANGE STORY.

Saw a Calf Carried Up Into the Clouds and Disappear.

Mr. E. C. Perry, a cattleman told the following story to a correspondent of the Globe-Democrat, in Dennison, Texas: "It was about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, the 23d, that dark clouds appeared in the southwest, and a few moments the clouds turned light blue, and it seemed as if they were on fire with lightning. A perfect calm prevailed and the heat was suffocating. The clouds seemed to split in the middle, going east and northwest. Then I heard a low rumbling noise like continuous thunder. On the prairie was a bunch of cattle which belonged to a man named Corning. The terrific wind, or what you might call a tornado, lifted the cattle into the air some fifty feet and dashed them into the trees, killing them outright. Now, I am going to tell something that may seem incredible, but is nevertheless the truth. I saw a calf carried up into the clouds and disappear. The animal went round and round in a circle until lost to view. A vigilant search was made for the calf, but it has never been seen since. The wind tore things up for a mile or so, when it spent its force. Rain and hail followed in the wake of the storm, and a number of trees were uprooted. The storm was confined to the wood, and did not reach the crops in the clearing."

Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

The shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre is one of the historical points of religious interest on the North American continent and for many years has been the Mecca for "the maimed, the halt, and the blind." During the last ten years 984 organized pilgrimages have visited this shrine. They numbered 774,694 pilgrims; 675,445 communions were made and 25,014 masses said. During the year 1890 the number of pilgrims was 105,672, and of these 20,000 represented themselves as coming from the United States. In the same year there were 108,575 communions and 3,696 masses. Most of the pilgrimages take place in June, July, August and September, and during July and August 60,000 pilgrims visited the shrine. The village of St. Anne is only twenty-one miles from Quebec and 180 miles from Montreal, and is easily accessible by rail and water.

A Strange Instinct.

No wild fowl will pass under the Mississippi river bridge, says a western exchange. A wounded goose floated down the stream the other day until it came to the bridge, but it would go no further. It stemmed the tide until completely exhausted and then swam to the other shore, permitting a boy to capture it.

[...] TELEPHONES.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT TALKING BY WIRE.

Improvements Made Lately in the Telephone Service—There Are a Hundred Thousand Instruments in Use.

It is estimated that there are over 1000 cities and towns, containing nearly 100,000 telephone subscribers, which are connected by over 100,000 miles of wire, affording the means of personal inter-communication to 30,000,000 people, says the New York News. In New York City about 10,000 subscribers are connected by 25,000 miles of wire, and they use the telephone over 100,000 times a day. A careful calculation shows that during the last year over 450,000,000 conversations were carried on by telephone in the United States.

The rapidly and constantly growing increase in the extent to which the telephone is used is due to the great improvements that have been made in its efficiency for short and long distances. The long-distance telephone lines of one of the great telephone companies embrace a territory between western Pennsylvania and the seaboard, taking in all the principal and important towns in that district on the western extremity. The company has Pittsburg, Cleveland and Buffalo. It now reaches the important towns in New England and as far south as Washington.

New York has always been and is the great radial point, and, in a great measure, all lines run to New York. A great deal of New England business, however, centers in Boston, and Buffalo also forms another center.

These long distance lines are operated in metallic circuits. That is, instead of having a single steel wire using the earth as a return wire, all the ordinary noises and inductions of the old telephone have been avoided by the use of two copper wires, thus making a complete metallic circuit.

By this means not only are the outside noises avoided, but very perfect results, indeed, are gained, so that between long distances conversations may be carried on and business transactions carried out as easily as if the persons were in one room. As a matter of fact these lines are often used for holding directors' meetings, a number of directors being in one city, Boston for instance, and the others in New York. They can talk together at a meeting conducted in this way almost as well as if they were all in the same room. Bankers and brokers and men owning large manufacturing interests use the long distance lines freely.

A New England manufacturer may have the lines put in his New York office, and for all practical purposes be here as near his factory in New England as if it were in the same building.

The extension of these long lines in metallic circuits has brought about a remodeling of nearly all the telephone exchanges connected with the long-distance lines. In New York, Philadelphia and Boston and all the larger places a great extension of wire has been made underground and in cables, in which everything is laid out to be operated on a metallic circuit plan.

In New York at the present time, out of nearly 10,000 local subscribers, 1,000 are provided with metallic circuits and long-distance telephone instruments. By means of these they have very much improved local service, and can at any moment talk with any one of a total of 50,000 telephone subscribers in that part of the country east of Cleveland.

In Boston a new exchange for 5,000 subscribers is about to be opened, and it will accommodate as many local subscribers as may desire to change to the new system.

"Reference is frequently made," said General Superintendent Gifford of one of the big telephone companies to a News reporter, "to what has been done in other countries in regard to improving the telephone. In the last fortnight, however, a mass meeting was held in London to protest against the bad service there of the National Telephone company, and to demand that the company provide metallic circuits and make other improvements, which have already been made by companies in the United States."

The Great Sun Dragon.

It is the belief among both the ignorant and the educated classes of China that eclipses of the sun are caused by a great dragon which attempts to devour the center of our solar system. The last eclipse which was visible in the celestial empire occurred at a time when the people were celebrating the birthday of the emperor. Now, it is the custom to celebrate such an event clad in the best raiment that can be afforded; it is also customary to wear sackcloth and go into mourning at the time of an eclipse, at least until the sun has been rescued from the great dragon which seeks to devour it. Here, indeed, was a dilemma. At last the emperor was petitioned. He, being as superstitious as his people, ordered his birthday ignored and commanded the people to go into mourning until the sun shall be "rescued."

Where He Was Buried.

The place where Captain Miles Standish, the warrior chieftain of the early settlers at Plymouth, Mass., was buried is believed to have been established beyond doubt. According to tradition, he was laid at rest in an old burial ground, between the bodies of his daughter Lora and his daughter-in-law Mary Standish, the grave being marked by two triangular pyramidal stones. A grave answering this description was recently opened at Duxbury, Mass., by the local rural society and found to contain the bones of an old and powerfully built man. In graves at either side were the bones of two young women, and further along in the row were the graves of two children, supposed to be Miles Standish's sons' who died in boyhood.

A Big Anthracite Drainage Tunnel.

The Centralia drainage tunnel, which was built to drain a number of coal mines in the Centralia basin of the anthracite coal fields near Ashland, Pa., is now practically completed, making one of the longest tunnels in this country. The main tunnel is 7 by 11 feet and 6000 feet in length, and there are about 5800 feet of extensions and branches. The completion of this tunnel will relieve a number of mines of the great expense of drainage by pumping.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Where Was This Earthly Paradise of Our Parents.

The true site of the Garden of Eden has been the subject of almost endless conjecture. The three continents of the Old World have been gone over by theologians in a vain search for its most probable location. From China to the Canary Islands, from the Mountains of the Moon to the coast of the Baltic, each country has been the subject of search, and no spot supposed to correspond in the slightest degree to the scriptural description of the first abode of the human race has been left unexamined. The most ancient opinion, which is given by Josephus, is that it was in the country which lies beween the Ganges and the Nile. This view imagines Eden as being a very widely extended territory, embracing all of the country from the Indus on the east to the Nile on the west. As the "Garden" is said to have been "to the eastward in Eden," it is placed definitely in the valley of the Euphrates. Von Hammer, the famous Oriental scholar, places Eden in Bactria; others locate it in Babylonia, at the confluence of the Euphrates and the Tigris. Captain Wilford, a profound student of Hindoo antiquities, has labored to locate Eden in Bamian, south of the Koosh range of mountains. Buttman puts it down in India: Heider, in his "History of Mankind," identifies it with the Vale of Cashmere; the Orientals (many sects of them) believe that it was on the Isle of Ceylon, while the Greeks place it at Beth-Eden, on Lebanon. Lastly, many regard the whole story as given in Genesis as a myth.

The Largest.

The three tallest trees in the world are believed to be a sequoia near Stockton, California which is 325 feet high, and two eucalypti in Victoria, Australia, estimated to be 435 and 450 feet respectfully.

The lake which has the highest elevation of any in the world is Green lake, Colorado. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea. In some places it is over 300 feet deep. The greatest depth of the ocean is 27,930 feet.

The largest sheet or pane of glass in the world is set in the front of a building on Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio. It was made in Marseilles, France, and measures 186 by 104 inches.

At Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, there was recently rolled a steel spring six inches wide, one-quarter of an inch thick, and 310 feet long. It is the largest coiled spring ever rolled. The order was tendered to all the large European iron-works, but none of them would undertake the task.

How to Do It.

Commodore Vanderbilt, who accumulated millions, was asked one day his opinion as to the true secret of success in making money. The old commodore replied: "Save what you have and live within your income. Avoid all speculation. No matter what I was making I always made it a rule to save something, and this course, if persisted in, is sure to succeed. The money will pile up in time."

Popping a Question.

"Can you cook?" he asked tenderly after he had suggested the probability that he would marry soon. "No," she answered removing her chair a degree or two north of his; "I neither cook nor am given in cooking. You will find what you need at the intelligence office." And he went his way quickly, a wiser and a madder man.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Answered.

Bessie (who has been reading a ghost story)—"Mamma, dear, what is a ghost?" "Mamma—"You ought not to read those stories, Bessie. Ghosts are all humbugs." "But there's the Holy Ghost, mamma?" "I think it is your bed-time, Bessie."—Boston Beacon.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

It is hard to believe in the religion of people whom you know used to do mean things.

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

It doesn't often happen that the piety of a church is any higher that its pastor practices.

Life is a great joy when God can be seen everywhere, and a great burden when he can not.

God wants His children to understand that they can depend upon Him under all circumstances.

People who can patiently bear all their small trials will never break down under their great ones.

Christ mourned for Jerusalem, and had compassion on the multitude, but he never mourned for himself.

If the devil could only find something that would hurt a Christian, perhaps he could get a little rest.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."—Ram's Horn.

FOLKS TALKED ABOUT.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens, eldest granddaughter of Charles Dickens, is publishing a serial story in All the Year Round entitled "Cross Currents."

Whenever a circus comes along near Aurora, Ill., Congressman Stewart, of that town, charters a train and takes a lot of children to the show at his own expense.

Bierstadt will paint for the World's fair a picture of Watling's island, which many geographers believe to be the one on which Columbus first landed after crossing the Atlantic.

An American flag, made by Gen. Sheridan's mother at the age of eighty-seven has been presented to the lady managers of the World's fair by H. C. Griner, of Somerset, O.

Julian Hawthorne has already made considerable progress with his history of Oregon. It will comprise two volumes, and will cover the entire period from the earlier explorations down almost to the present.

Rev. Dr. Kittredge, of New York, notified his hearers one Sunday recently that he desired to clear off the church debt of $20,000, and the whole of this sum was subscribed at once, or before the close of that day.

A house in Olney, England, in which the poet Cowper lived for twenty years, has been allowed to fall into such a state of disrepair that the owner has had to be served with a notice from the local sanitary authority as to its dilapidated condition.

THE TUNNEL SEEMED LONG.

A Postal Clerk's Perilous Ride In the Stifling Darkness.

A thrilling experience, although not ending fatally, was had by a railway mail clerk, who acted as a distributor on a local train. He had a car to himself, and at one station up in the Allegheny mountains had left his car for a minute or two to run forward to the engine, which was taking water. The water tank was directly west of the great tunnel, and when the tender was filled and the train started the clerk sprang for his car. The entrance to the car was on the side and a solitary handle was grasped, whereby the clerk pulled himself up to the door. To his horror he found that the door had been jarred shut and could not be opened from the outside, and the second he discovered this fact the train shot into the tunnel. With a desperation born of a terrible death staring him in the face the clerk hammered and kicked on the door and shrieked for help but the noise of the train drowned his cries, and with both hands grasping the handle, his feet on the iron step and his body glued to the side of the car, for fear of being dashed off by the jagged sides, he was carried through the tunnel.

As the tunnel is a mile long and the atmosphere therein is almost stifling this luckless mail clerk's experience can better be imagined than described. When the train shot into daylight again the engineer looked back, as is the custom to see if his train was following all right, and discovered the clerk in his harrowing position. Quickly stopping his engine the engineer ran back, and with the assistance of the conductor, helped the almost demented man to the ground, where he utterly collapsed, the strain upon his nerves being too great. For six months he was under a physician's care, and after he had become a well man again, said: "I thought that tunnel was ten miles long, and my head, I imagined was hollow, with the dense smoke rushing in my mouth and nostrils and coming out at my ears like steampipes. Whenever I think of that ride my brain reels and I feel myself crouching as I did upon the outside of the car during that horrifying experience."—Washington Star.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Women as They Used to Be and as They Are.

If you had examined into the facts of the case you would have discovered that the women of heathen Rome, for instance, took much better care of their systems than the Christian ladies of this knowing era take of theirs. They wore loose garments that gave their lungs and limbs full play. Their muscles were systematically developed and educated, and they were inhibited by law from all usages and practices likely to impair their health or their constitutions. Hence their sons were the hardiest race of men that the world had ever seen—hence for seven hundred years Rome triumphed over all her enemies. We talk of the Roman fathers, but it was to the habits of the Roman mothers, and the vigor engendered by those habits, that the republic and the empire largely owed their greatness. Even yet the figures of the Italian women show the inherited effect of the old training. American ladies are very lovely, but in the majority of cases they are too delicate, too fragile. They are as lovely as flowers, but not as hardy as oaks. We have plenty of strong-minded women, but comparatively few that are physically vigorous. The same thing may be said of the men. And, inasmuch as the best head may be rendered of no avail by reason of incompetent bodily support, we think it would be better for us all if we would pay more attention to health, no matter what else might have to be neglected.—New York Ledger.

Do Deer Ever Weep?

In most species of deer, a hollow which is known to scientists as the lachrymal sinus, or tear-pit is found. It is a cavity beneath each eye, capable of being opened at pleasure, in which a waxy substance of a peculiar, disagreeable odor is secreted. This pit is sometimes very small, but often of considrable size. Poets speak of the deer weeping, but it has not been shown this is not by poetic license solely. In the case of the wounded stag, which the contemplative Jaques watched and moralized upon, it is said:

The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.

But this is Shakespeare's poetical interpretation of the appearance presented by the motion of the glistening edges of the folds of skin which enclose the so-called "tear-pits." These cavities are very marked in species of deer found in Asia and the islands of the Indian Ocean, and in the common deer of America and Europe. In some varieties in South America and Northern Asia they are less developed.

Opulent Indians.

All the Indians are not in need of tearful sympathy. The Chippewas, for instance, are approaching opulence. Their wealth is largely represented by the value of rich lands bordering the small lakes in Minnesota, which they sold to the government. This year the government has paid them $200,000 and next year they will receive $90,000 in advance interest alone. The Cœur d'Alene Indians are also pretty well to do. They will this year receive from the government payments aggregating $500,000. There are about 1,500 Osage Indians who have a little bill against the government of $8,147,515, upon which they receive annual interest to the amount of $407,376.

One Dynamo.

Probably the largest dynamos in the world used for the production of aluminum and aluminum bronze are at Neuhausen, Switzerland. The dynamo plant consists of two continuous current machines of 600-horse power, with an exciting dynamo of 300-horse power. The power obtained is from the falls of the Rhine.

It Wouldn't Float.

Young wife—"We are told to 'cast our bread upon the waters.'" The brute—"But don't you do it. A vessel might run against it and get wrecked."—New York Herald.

HOSPITABLE AUSTRALIANS.

The Big Island Is a Paradise for Well Dressed Tramps.

The most delightful thing in the life of Northern Australia, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, is its sans-souci appearance. Existence is literally out doors, and people live as if burglars were unknown. I have ridden past houses in the early morning and have seen the verandas littered with books, bric-a-brac, and the doors wide open. Night after night things are left so and not stolen.

Stealing is punished in Queensland with the greatest rigor. A man might be guilty of manslaughter and stand in better odor with the authorities than the thief. I have ridden to a plantation late at night, turned my horse in the horse paddock, entered the house, struck a match, found a sofa, lay down and woke in the morning to find life bustling about me; my breakfast ready, and I an utter stranger.

Such is the freedom of the life. I was a traveler. I suppose I did not look like a vagabond; they appreciated the desire on my part not to dirturb their rest and they apologized for the hardness of the sofa.

Every planter has not merely one room in his house which is called the strangers' room, but several, and they are seldom empty. In the days that I visited Pride, the planter, six guests besides myself was there. Imagine a house through which the warm air will blow from side to side and from end to end, with a group of buildings as dormitories at the left, and another group as kitchens and stores at the right, and graced with all the comforts and with little of the conventional stiffness of metropolitan life; which has dignity without show, and elegance without heaviness—and you have the planter's home.

Put roses and bamboos, oleanders and camelias, limes and oranges, laurestinus and jasmine, pineapple and bonganvillia, the glorious pawpaw and granadilla, a tennis court, and perhaps an observatory, and you have a planter's garden. Then put inside the house and garden a healthy generosity, a great self-reliance, a mind given to insisting bluntly on the wisdom of its connections, a hand ready to pour you out a glass of sherry or indite a philippic against a goverment or Sir Samuel Griffith, who has opposed Polynesian labor, and that is Pride, the planter.

What you find of the lightness and comfort in the house of Pride, the planter, you find in degree in all the north. Order and cleanliness reign. You may miss at times verdure and foliage, but never that. Villages and towns are swept and garnished and the people love flowers. And go straight across the continent to Perth, Albany, York or Geraldton and the same may be found.

HE WAS AGITATED.

A Beautiful Young Lady Rattles a Timid Young Man.

A timid young man was visiting a beautiful and accomplished young lady, residing on Warren avenue, Chicago, when, after a pause: she said, looking at him closely:

"Now, I want to propose to you—"

"You are very kind," said the timid young man, between gasps and blushes, "but I am not worthy of so much happiness and, in fact, none of our family are marrying people, besides my income is limited and I have to meet Mayor Washburne to-night concerning my appointment, and I'm afraid I'll be late."

Then, without waiting to put on his overcoat, he tried to make his exit through the door of a cupboard.

"Why," said the young woman, lifting her eyebrows in surprise, "I simply wanted you to escort me to my sister's on Hoyne avenue."

"Oh, in that case," answered her swain, "if your head's level, and your boot is on the right foot, I shall be only too happy but I was afraid—that is, I almost dared to hope—in fine, I am subject to these seizures," and he sat down on the coal scuttle, and said it was a very cold day; hadn't seen such weather since the Fourth of July.

A Good Goose Story.

The New York Sun narrates that a farmer named Purdy, who lives on the shore of Lake Kenka, had a flock of eleven geese in that lake. A week ago a flock of a dozen wild geese were flying south over the lake, and noticing their tame relatives, alighted. Farmer Purdy heard a noisy cackling and rushed for his gun to capture a wild goose or two. But he was too late. The wild geese rose to depart, and, strange to say, the tame flock went with them. The farmer was disconsolate at the loss of his geese. A week later he noticed a flock of geese traveling north. He noted the movement as queer at this season, but, bent on revenge for his loss, prepared his gun and succeeded in killing two before he discovered that they were his own geese returned. The nine living ones seemed delighted with their home, now they know what the world contains, and the neighborhood is speculating upon the extent of their wanderings and the wonderful instinct that led them back to the place where they were hatched.

Keeping Beavers.

It has been found impossible to maintain beavers in the Philadelphia Zoo. They would not bear restraint and did not take kindly to artificial homes. A constant watch was needed to prevent the animals escaping from the wire inclosure and cutting down the valuable trees in the vicinity. Logs were laid beside the stream in the inclosure and one family partially constructed a house. Before it was finished, however, the entire colony died, and the attempt to cultivate the perverse animal was given up in disgust.

Does England Want It?

At a recent art sale in Florence the so-caled throne of Giuliano de Medici (a sort of sofa, with a high back supported by columns), carved by Baccio d'Agnolo in the sixteenth century, was sold to an Englishman for $7,000.

A Hunter Hunts Not.

A member of the parliament named Hunter proposes that the Scotch deer forests should be bought and turned into popular farms and pleasure grounds. The present rental of these areas is about £90,000 a year.